THE
Jolly Dragoon.

MY father is a lord, and a lord of high renown,
If I ſhould wed a ſoldier twould pull his courage down,
For your birth and my birth they never will agree,
So take it for a warning, bold dragoon, ſaid ſhe.

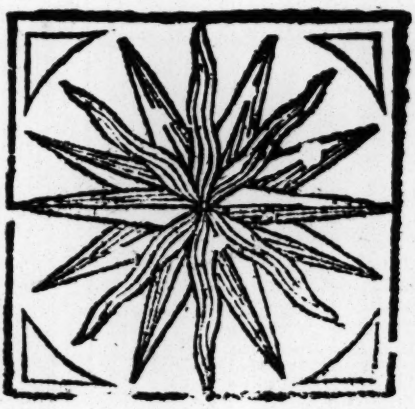
No warning, no warning I ever mean to take,
I'll either wed or die love, all for your ſweet ſake,
The hearing him ſay ſo made the lady's heart to bleed,
So they went to the church and were marry'd with ſpeed.

And when that they were married, and coming back again,
The lady ſpy'd her father, and ſeven armed men,
I fear, ſaid the lady, we both ſhall be ſlain,
I fear nothing at all the jolly dragoon.

Ride on my deareſt jewel, there is no time to prattle,
You ſee they are arm'd and fixed for a battle,
He drew his ſword and cutlaſs, and made their bones to rattle.
The lady held the horſe while the dragoon won the battle.

O hold your hand bold dragoon, bold dragoon hold your hand,
And you ſhall have my daughter, and ten thouſand pounds in land,
Fight on, ſaid the lady, my portion is too ſmall,
O hold your hand, dear dragoon, and you ſhall have it all.

Come all you pretty maidens that have got gold in ſtore,
And don't deſpiſe a ſoldier becauſe that he is poor,
Altho' he is poor he will fight for his own,
Here's a health to King George, and his jolly dragoon.



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